









Picture of the Church of the Fugitive Slaves in Boston;—making a handsome 12 mo. volume. Price, 75 cents.

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## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

## SIX SONNETS.

America, young giant! till thou breakest  
The chains that bind thy brother, thou partakest  
The guilt, and art thyself enslaved. Be free,  
Be just, be generous. Oh, when thou wast  
From slumber, Samson-like, to feel round thee  
Those gilded fetters which the South hath cast,  
To hold thy stalwart limbs in bondage fast,  
With noble scorn the filmy links thou shakest,  
And rushest strong and valiant to the strife  
With slavery, injustice and oppression.

Clear thee from those foul stains on thy fresh life,  
Young, vigorous giant! make no mean concession  
To mammon, or to fear. Be true, be brave,  
Thou art not free while thy soil holds a slave.

II.  
Land of the Pilgrim Fathers! shall thy star,  
That o'er Atlantic deep its glories waved,  
Beacon of hope to nations still enslaved,  
Lighting oppression's victims from afar—  
Oh, Massachusetts! shall thy star's bright ray,  
On which they fixed their eager, hopeful gaze,  
Eclipsed by Southern gold's vile sordid gleam,  
Blighted by Slavery's breath, pale its pure beam,  
Till, wavering, fading, dead its holy flame,  
While old world deplores mockingly exclaim,  
"Light-bearing star, Son of the Morning, how,  
O Lucifer, how art thou fallen! Thou,  
Art thou become as we? Thy once bright urn,  
Empty and soiled as ours, the nations spurn!"

III.  
Too long had Massachusetts bent the neck  
To her proud, younger sister's galling chain,  
Gilt though its links; too long obeyed the beck  
Of Southern slavery. And what her gain?  
Scorn, insult, injuries heaped upon her head,  
Though for the Union her best blood was shed.  
Too long her prophets prophesied smooth things,  
Her preachers searched God's word to sanction slavery.

Now the old Pilgrim State, awakened, springs;  
The chains that bound her from her neck she spurns,  
And breaks the Southern yoke. Her firm old bravery,  
Her hatred of oppression, all returns;  
Yet finds, alas! the Hebrew proverb true,  
"That their sires ate sour grapes, the children rue."

IV.  
My soul is sad for Kansas! Youthful State!  
Fain would thy tyrants taint thy fertile soil  
With their own vices, and make thee their spoil.  
What sorrows and oppressions thee await,  
Free freedom reign triumphant in the land!  
Yet shrink not, Kansas! "neath thy tyrants' red,  
Nor wait submissive on a despotic nod;  
Bravely stand on, boldly and firmly stand!  
My soul is glad for thee, young Kansas! thou  
Art early in the school of suffering tried;  
But no oppression can the strong will bow;  
Thy every struggle gives increase of strength,  
Till all thy tyrants, vanquished, thou at length  
Shall win the long-won Freedom for thy bride.

V.  
Oh, noble tales of noble knights of old,  
The knights of Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney bold,  
Tales of true chivalry! how the brave knight,  
Pious to heaven, gentle, yet firm in fight,  
Raised his strong arm and sword to shield the oppressed,  
And from the tyrant his weak prey to wrest.  
Holy, and pure, and just, and true his life,  
A sage in council, hero in the strife.  
Such was the knight these poets gave to fame,  
By Beauty crowned, while others bleed his name.  
And darest the South, dealer in blood, whips, chains,  
Call itself chivalrous? It steals unseen,  
And deals a coward blow. Cruel as mean,  
It has its meet reward—pitchers and cans.

VI.  
Ye learned to labor, and to patient wait,  
Brave men and women! faithful did ye stand  
Among the many faithless. Through the land,  
Fearless and chameleons, in proud guilty state,  
Long Slavery stalked, armed with whip and chains;  
Yet did ye dare vengeance—in the light  
Of holy faith that God upholds the right—  
And scorned the oppressor, and his blood-guilt gains.  
Long in the darkness heaven's guiding star  
Was faith alone—faith in man's destiny,  
Progressing unto good eternally.  
But now her sister holds beams from afar;  
Patient and faithful laborers, soon may ye  
Hear the slave's joyful shout, "We're free! we're  
free!"

Tendered, (Eng.) JANE ASHBY.

For the Liberator.

## MODERN CHIVALRY.

Hurrah for brave South Carolina!  
Her bloodhounds, her whips, and her chains!  
Thou her sentiments what can be finer?  
Hush! say not a word 'bout her brains.  
She shall have a new order of knighthood,  
And her weapon of war be a cane,  
And her war-cries be, "it is right good  
To beat all that dare to speak plain.

We English had once a Judge Buller,  
He, too, was a knight of the cane;  
Than his law what is plainer and fuller?  
"Beat your wives, men, again and again;

"But mind that your canes be not bigger  
Than your thumbs." O, most merciful Judge!  
Now when Southerner beats his nigger,  
Or a statesman whom he owes a grudge,

There is no one in his land of freedom  
To limit the size of his cane—  
Then hurrah for the land of free freedom!  
Hurrah for the land of the cane!

While the Southerner beats an unarmed man,  
To prove he is Liberty's son,  
English husband, no longer a charmed man,  
Beats the wife whom he wooed and he won:

While the Southerner honors his mother,  
By beating a Senator's head,  
That Englishman is his true brother,  
Who beats his own wife till she's dead.

Then hurrah for our brave modern knighthood:  
Let's raise statues to Bluebeard and Brooks!  
Modern chivalry, oh, it is right good—  
Goes ahead of the old sort in books!

England.

J. A.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.  
TO THE WITHDRAWERS OF BLOOD-  
MONEY AT THE CAPITOL.

Ay, trust not hand like his to hold  
The tyrant's steel, the tempter's gold;  
Lest where the flashing menace fall,  
His brighter lure may yet prevail!  
So, bravely dare his vege-fowl—  
The graver risk, the nobler crown!  
Thank God! his desecrated power  
Speeds onward to its final hour;  
When he whom millions raised aloft  
Above all pride of regal state—  
Sublimely misused to fulfill  
The mandates of their sovereign will—  
Found devil, shall basely fall,  
Disgraced, loathed, reviled of all;  
Nor led by those dear Judas friends,  
Whom, needing due for vilest ends,  
His lust of power's ventrals made,  
Cajoled, flattered, betrayed, betrayed!

So trust him not again to hold  
The tyrant's steel, the tempter's gold;  
Lest where the flashing menace fall,  
His brighter lure may yet prevail!

## THE LIBERATOR.

## FLORA GRAY, OR, THE SLAVE'S REQUEST.

BY EDITH ANNE, DORVILLE, R. L.

On the banks of the noble river that flows in majestic beauty through our Southern and Western States, sat a young man, with a young and beautiful creature at his feet.

He was the only son of one of the wealthiest planters in the town of C—, in Louisiana, and, with some of the vices, possessed many of the virtues, and all the noble hospitality that characterize the Southern planter; and truly did he love the beautiful being who half reclined upon his knee, and timidly gazed, with her sparkling eyes fixed in tearful tenderness upon him. Gladly would he have taken her to his home as his wife, and the mistress of his home, as she already was of his heart; but he feared the scorn of the society in which he moved, and in whose circle he was considered one of its brightest ornaments. For what was she but a slave? What though she was beautiful, gentle and good? She was born in servitude—degraded, despised, looked upon as the goods and property of any one who would pay her market value in sordid gold. How would she be received in the mansions of the lordly masters, and still more scornful mistresses of many just such beautiful creatures as herself? It was not to be thought of for a moment; and well she knew it. With all a woman's tenderness, it is a wonder that she loved him who had stood her champion in childhood, and in after years had not neglected her for the cold forms of society—though the laws of man had made him her master? To be respected, she knew was impossible. Then why not yield to his wishes, and live for him and his love forever? Did he not show attention to her as gentle and refined as ever husband paid to wife?

As he bent over her frail form, and saw their images reflected in the sparkling water before them, he started at the shade of grief and anguish that overspread her countenance.

"Why so sad, Flora?" said the young man. "Come, let us go into the cottage; it is damp here, and I will read to you, or you shall sing to me—which shall it be?"

As he raised her up so kindly, and smoothed the bright ringlets, a throb of joy and pride in the endearments and attachment of him whom all admired, and so many loved, thrilled her blood; and in his presence she forgot or cared not for all her humiliation, conscious of his fidelity and affection. Though unspoken to when he was absent, was she not surrounded with every proof of his love and care for her?

As they entered the pretty cottage he had made her mistress of, he said again, "You did not tell me, love, why you were so sad just now."

"I was thinking, Henry, about my child."

"What about it, dearest?" said he, drawing her to a seat on the sofa beside him.

"It will be born a slave, and will have to endure what we who are thus stigmatized only can know."

"I will never see it used other than as my own lawful child, dear Flora. I shall be here often; and you must not give way to such sorrowful feelings, for you know I love you dearly, and gladly would I shield you from any thing to wound your feelings. Your child, our child, will I watch over, and love even as I do you."

"I know you love me, and it almost breaks my heart to think of you and it, but, forgive me—pity me—but do not unkindly, when I tell you that my soul, of late, has often faintly within me; for the fear of death is upon me; and as I gazed upon the bubbles that broke upon the river, and were lost in its depths, I thought so it would soon be with me. But I do not want to leave this world; there is not much of joy in it for such as me; but I want to leave you, and my baby now unborn. Nay, let me speak more. I cannot bear that its life should be one of bondage; and if you love me, say that it shall be free. You will be lawfully its master, but remember it is your own blood that flows in its veins; and save it, O save it from the scourge of the lash and the brand of slavery!"

"I will, dear Flora. I will get its free papers as soon as it has a name; so be comforted, for I hope you may live many years to bless it and me. Now, cheer up! I will keep my promise, and give you your freedom, too, if you desire it. I did not know it weighed so heavily on your heart before; for the chains that have held you in bondage have always been silent ones; for ever since my mother died, you have lived in this cottage as much your own mistress as any lady in the land, and I always thought she treated you kindly."

"O, do not blame me, Henry! I strive against it. I close my eyes to suppress the tears that I feel gushing up from my stricken heart; but they force their way through. Sometimes I seem sinking in despair; but why should I grieve? You who have ever been so kind to me, surely I ought not to be sad, when you are near me."

"Well, dearest Flora, I must leave you now, but in an hour or two I will return, and bring my cousin Adelaide to stay with you. She is a Northerner, you know; and she will be better pleased here than at the house; and she will love you for my sake, and for your own—for she has not the prejudice of our Southern ladies. So, good by for a short time; good day to you, darling!—No! I won't stir a step till you smile on me! There, now, you are your own beautiful self again!"

She stood in the doorway, gazing long after he had disappeared among the trees, in deep thought. At last she said, "My God! it is sin for me to love him?"—and sinking on the sofa, she buried her face in its cushions. How long she laid there, she knew not; but long had the sun veiled itself behind the western hills, when she was aroused by a gentle hand upon her arm, and by a pleasant voice saying, "You will take cold, dear girl; the night air is damp; and looking up, her eyes met those of Adelaide Curtis, beaming with kindness upon her.

"Where is Henry?" said she, as she raised herself partly from the seat upon which she was reclining. "I thought he was coming with you, Miss Curtis."

"Here I am, to answer for myself, Flora; and you see I have brought you a companion. We could not get away from some visitors who called upon us, or we should have been here before."

The time passed pleasantly away, in that pretty cottage, for an hour or two, and then the young man bade them good night, knowing that Flora would find a friend in his cousin Adelaide, one who, like her Savior, would neither be afraid nor ashamed to do as her own kind heart prompted, and as her duty as a Christian required; for she was endowed with a gentle heart, made more amiable by true piety; for she truly was a faithful follower in the footsteps of her Redeemer. Nurtured as she had been at the North, she felt how exceeding sinful it was to scorn or hold in bondage any one bearing the image of God; and she could not but deeply sympathize with the beautiful Flora, whose heart was breaking, though no murmur escaped her lips. When at last Flora was prostrated upon a bed of sickness, then the noble Adelaide's piety and watchful kindness of heart administered comfort and consolation to the poor invalid; and when the hand of death lay upon poor Flora, she bent over her, and kissed her fair young brow, whispering to her of the heavenly world, with its joys unalloyed by sorrow and sin.

One bright morning she died; and if you had looked on that sweet face, so calm and pleasant, you would not have supposed that the spirit had left it for ever, and that nevermore would be heard her gentle voice. At least, so thought Henry Harden, as he sat in the chamber of death, with one cold hand clasped in his; while tears of mainly sorrow fell upon the face of her he loved so well.

Decently and quietly they laid her in the beautiful grave where she had so often spent the long summer afternoon, and over her remains her young master caused to be erected a plain marble slab, with the simple name of "FLORA" engraved on its snowy surface. Many times, when the still twilight had come, with its sacred influences and associations, would he tread the little path leading to that loved spot, and in solitude course the system that had proved the bane of his young life, and withered the flower he had so dearly prized. Nor was he always alone beside that simple grave; for often would the gentle Adelaide take the child that had been entrusted to her care, and join with him, to cheer him in his sadness.

It is a lovely June day, and the little Flora is five years old. Let us see how time has dealt in the mansion-house of Henry H. In the library we find him; there is the same kind expression on his features, and as he turns toward the door, we can perceive that there is more firmness stamped upon his brow than when we last saw him.

"Well, Zuba," said he to a female slave that entered the room, "my cousin Adelaide is on her way to visit us again. It is four years since she went to visit her Northern home. I shall be right glad to see her once more. Suppose I should go home with her?"

"And leave us, master?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? I have nursed you from your cradle, and I had hoped never to have changed masters again. Surely, I have served you faithfully; and now to have Zeb and me to be parted, 'twill kill me! O, it will! Just think, master, that we have carried you hours, and watched you asleep and awake, that no harm should come near you; and can you sell us to another? to be used you know not how?"

"Well, my dear old nurse, do not weep so. I did not say you should be sold. Be assured, I shall not forget your kindness. But go now, and prepare for the reception of Miss Curtis. She will come at four; and send Zeb here, but do not mention our conversation. I can trust you?"

"Certainly, master."

Zeb now appeared before his master, as fine a looking man as himself; nor could the closest observer discern, in the clear blue eyes and brown hair of Zeb, one particle of affinity between him and the race whose color he was born under; and so thought his master, as he stood before him.

"You can read, Zeb?" said he, at last.

"Yes, master, you yourself taught me how, and told me not to tell, when you was a small boy."

"Well, never mind. Can Zuba read?"

"Some, master."

"How would you like to be free, Zeb?"

"And leave Zuba and my child?"

"No—have them free too!"

"I would like it much, master Henry; but why do you ask me?"

"Listen, Zeb! Ever since I can remember any thing, I can remember Zuba and you. You have both been faithful in your care and attendance. I have trusted you like an older brother; nor do I want to lose your services now, but I have made up my mind to free all my servants, and reside at the North. The day after to-morrow, I am to be married to Miss Curtis; and as she is strongly opposed to our Southern manners and customs, we shall make it our home in one of the Northern States. I have decided that you and Zuba shall go with us, at wages for your time and services. Does this plan suit you?"

"O yes, master! You are too good! If you give us our free papers, we will work for you all your lifetime for nothing; only we do not want to have another master; and you know if you die while we are slaves, there is no knowing into whose hands we shall fall. That is what we fear; for we shall never have another master like you."

"Well, now, see that all things are in good order, and let me know as soon as Miss Curtis arrives."

Busy were all in the mansion, preparing for the reception of their master's much-loved cousin; for, by her kindness she had won the love of all who had seen her. At last, a travelling carriage wheeled through the shaded avenue, and many smiling faces, and all shades of color, gathered to bid her welcome, and perform any service they could render one so gentle and good.

As she alighted, Henry stepped forward to assist her; and, accepting his proffered hand with a smile, she motioned to a girl beside her, saying, "This is Flora." The child placed her arm around the neck of Henry, as he lifted her from the carriage, and he kissed her fair brow without saying a word.

When they had entered the drawing-room, refreshments were brought by a page, and the three were left alone till dinner-time.

"Are you weary with journeying so far, Adelaide?" said her cousin; "and, my little girl, come here, and tell me if you are tired?"

"Not much, sir; but mamma is not very well to-day," said Flora, as she lovingly placed her hand within that of Adelaide.

"Would you like to retire? I will ring for a servant to conduct you to your apartments," said he, rising. Soon a young female appeared. "Elsie," said her master, "Miss Curtis would like to retire to her room, and I appoint you her maid. See that all is prepared for her comfort."

He then left the room, and the lady soon followed Elsie to the apartments ready for her use, where she would leave her, and return to the library, where some gentlemen are holding earnest conversation.

"So, Mr. Harden, you really mean to have us sign these papers, giving freedom to sixteen slaves, do you? What do you propose doing with them when they become their own masters?"

"I shall place them all in situations to maintain themselves. And now, lawyer Day, if the papers are ready, these gentlemen will please attach their signatures."

"Oh! yes, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

Then Miss took Milly; she whispered her and Elsie her, and washed her back with red-pepper, and she whistled her all serene—

"Milly she did die, and dey put her in de ground, and say she hab fever!"

Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner still wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Then Henry bit his lip at this sarcastic remark, but replied calmly, "Even the evil you dread, Mr. L., is not worse than many imposed on slavery by its supporters. At any rate, each one can act as his own heart dictates."

"Well, if you do not regret this rash act you are performing, I shall wonder greatly. I think, Mr. H., I heard you say that Mr. Curtis and family were already there."

"Yes, master," was the unimpaired response.

"Now, Ada, I have performed my vow and kept my promise sacredly." Handing her the free papers of little Flora, he said, "Here is her freedom. I gave her to you, and you have cherished her."

The lady rose, and they went into a small boudoir leading from the hall.

"Adelaide, you have been my good angel. You have saved me, and to-morrow you will be my own dear wife! You cannot know how much I love you. Do you love me, Ada?"

"I have said so, Harry. I love the noble spirit you possess, that dares to do right in the face of violent opposition; and if by uniting my hand to yours, it will strengthen you in your endeavors to bless your fellow-men, then gladly will I give it; for nothing that I can do for you, to add to your happiness, shall be withheld, so long as it is in my power to grant it."

The morning came, and with it as bright a day as ever dawned. The pleasant voices, busy footsteps, and gay laughing tones that resounded through the mansion house, proclaimed it a happy day for all; and when at twilight the bridal party had assembled, it was a scene of felicity well fitting the occasion.

The wedding-day had come and gone. Harry had sold his estate at the South, and he and his fair bride have sought a new soil, accompanied by his faithful Zeb and his wife, where freedom is the birthright of all, and the clank of the chain is never heard.

## LITTLE BEN, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

Belle Scott, or, Liberty Overthrown—A Tale for the Crisis—Is the title of a powerfully written anti-slavery work, by an unknown writer, recently published at Cincinnati, and worthy to rank with the best of the kind. Here is a specimen of it:—

We walked nearly all night: part of the time we had to wade through water quite deep, until we came to the place where my new friends had their hiding-place. About twenty acres of ground without trees on it, rose above the level of the swamp; on it were two gentle wells of land.

"The hut of the party that I went with was on one of them; and on the other was the hut of Little Ben. It was in the shape of a bayonet, and made of the bark of trees that reached from the ground up to a peak at the top. A small hole, large enough to be entered by a man stooping as low as he could, was the only door. There was no window, nor any holes for light. Little Ben had caught a young wolf by the leg forefoot in a steel trap, which had broken the leg at the first joint, so that the foot hung limply, and did not reach the ground. He had made the animal as tame as a dog; and it was his constant companion. Little Ben generally dressed himself in skins; but on great days, he wore an old suit of regimentals which he had brought with him, and carefully kept. At the top of his hut was a long pole, on which was a flag, made of cotton cloth, with the stars and stripes marked on it with charcoal and pokeberry juice. He had round his neck an iron collar, with two prongs that passed by his ears and went up several inches higher than his head. This collar had been so well case-hardened, that it could not be filed off. He was a short, heavy-set man, with a large head and muscular arms, and seemed to be very strong. His eyes were red and sunk deeply in his head, and over them were large, heavy eyebrows. He was between fifty and sixty years old, but his hair was jet-black and bushy.

The next night after I got there, my new friends told me that Little Ben was in one of his ways, and that the force his Star-spangled Banner song; that he always did so when the moon was full.

Near his hut was the trunk of a large sycamore tree that had fallen down; on which Ben had made a place to stand when he sung.

About ten o'clock he went out with his wolf, who seemed to understand what he was about, got on the fallen tree, and began to sing. At the end of each verse he uttered a low, sad howl, in which the wolf joined, and then after a moment went on to the next verse, and the two howled together until the song was ended. Then he and the wolf howled for several minutes, got down from the tree, and the two went to his hut. I cannot tell exactly what he sang, but no one ever could sleep while Little Ben and his wolf were singing and howling his "Star-spangled Banner" song. It seemed to be something like this:—

Here's Little Ben—all alone in the wide world—  
He got no wife, now;  
He got no children now;  
Never had any house,  
Never had any land;  
Never had himself—  
Master own me all.

The Star-spangled Banner, Oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And then followed a series of howls.

Had a wife once,  
She love him dearly;  
Lived great while together  
On the old master's place;  
She sold now—  
Took her way from Little Ben—  
Never see her more,  
Never hear from her again.

The Star-spangled Banner, Oh! say, does it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Then he said Rachel,  
For a thousand dollars,  
While I was out at work;  
Left her in the morning,  
Come home for dinner,  
Rachel gone forever!

The Star-spangled Banner, Oh! say, does it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Then he said Sally,  
Down to New Orleans;  
Nice heaven here for 'em;  
I seen her once there;  
She ride in her carriage,  
Dressed up in silk and satin—  
Good to her old father,  
And she try to buy him,  
But master wouldn't sell me!

Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner still wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Then Tom he ran 'way,  
Off in the swamp ground;  
And the hounds they caught him,  
And tear him till he dead.

Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Then Miss took Milly;  
She whispered her and Elsie her,  
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"I see it now; it's just this; the good Lord loved John Baptist. He was a good man; that king a bad man. But the Lord let him cut off his head. What let him for?" just this; it didn't make any matter whether he lived great while or little while in this world; so he let him cut off his head, and kill him in jail. The king live great while—forgot all 'bout John Baptist—think he do no harm; a great man and live in a great house, and then he die too. All over this world—all his king gone clean away. Only like another man then, and he have to answer for all he do to John Baptist. Suppose he couldn't do it, what then?

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